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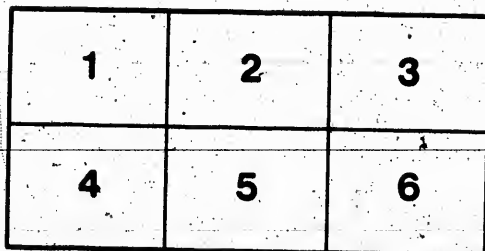
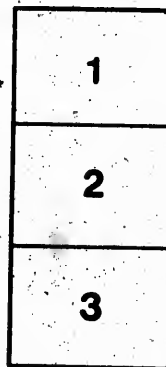
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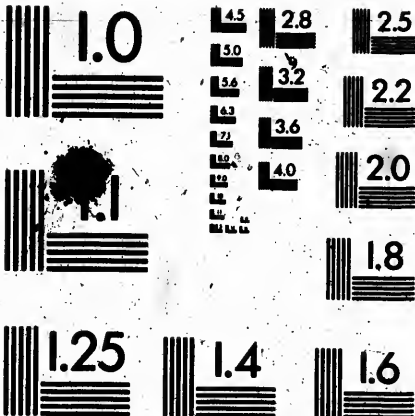
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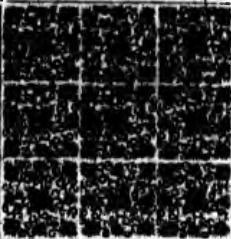


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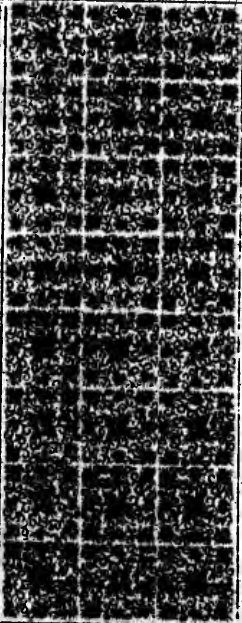
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BY

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1897.

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SEA TO SEA.

The liner left her British port,
For the fair lands far away;
Embarked—nationalities of all sorts,
Many aboard, their wives had they.

Children gambled on the deck,
Others watched the foam and swell,
To see a whale, or iceberg speck,
What questions ask, what tales would tell.

Lurking by the vessel's side
Skulking sharks would watch and wait,
With monstrous jaws, opened wide,
Awaiting food, some refuse bait.

Skipping the waves, or soaring high
Were sea gulls, hovering along the track,
On the decks sometimes would fly,
Following the steamers, across and back.

Gliding by Newfoundland's shore
A dreadful fog sweeps o'er the main—
Approaching near fair Canada's coast
The sparrows twitter and chirp again.

Sailing up the St. Lawrence River
Where the fortress stands; on Quebec heights,
Midst vernal isles, white cots and spires
Are landscape scenes, grand, glorious sights.

And, as the emerald river narrows,
Peeps many an island's craggy ridge,
Where the rapids roar, the water shallows,
Below the stone built Victoria bridge.

'Long side the wharf at Montreal.
 The steamer moors, make hawsers fast;
 Spectators throng, eye the passengers,
 "Greenhorns" and "Hayseeds," as they pass.

There customs officials are busy at
 Their duty, searching and marking baggage;
 Cabs and hacks are hustling 'round
 For tourist passengers, and their luggage.

Throughout Ontario and Lake Shore,
 Are garden cities, the mart's demand,
 Where Lake Erie sweeps o'er Niagara Falls,
 That marvellous art, from Nature's hand.

Those market gardens in the east,
 The prairies in the West supply;
 Like California, and Vancouver coast,
 Choice, mellow fruit as one wish to buy.

Arriving at the central depo'
 Trains bound west, there we find,
 Boarding a car, the whistle blows, the visitors go
 Leaving "Island City" far behind.

The tourists have their Pullman car,
 Home solid comforts, at their ease,
 Also the latest dining car
 Is got up, laid out, as you please.

But in the immigrant colonist car,
 Cosmopolitans, use rough settles for a nap,
 There doze and dream of lands afar,
 In daily garments, shoes and cap.

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For days and nights they rattle on,
Jogging along that iron road,
Watching charred stumps, rivers and swamps,
The prairies green, barren acres broad.

The shelves o'er head, are crowded out
Like some storehouse, a travelling haven,
There food and boxes, and bairns asleep,
Are all strung up 'tween earth and heaven.

The train arrives at Winnipeg station,
Immigrants scatter far and wide,
Some stop awhile on this occasion,
Before they journey on their ride.

Winnipeg is the "Prairie City"
A few years back a trading post,
When seeking work, it is a pity,
Its latitude is so far north.

All classes form immigration tide,
Some no intention, to run a farm,
A workman's skill is Canada's pride,
The sinews in the Nation's arm.

The farmer ploughs, sows his seed,
Takes up his farm, or free homestead,
He does his best, God does the rest,
Provides for him, his daily bread.

In seasons of the darkest hour,
There comes the dew and rain,
Bright sunshine, and refreshing shower
Brings forth the golden grain.

His home, may be a wooden cot,
 His clothes, and victuals fair,
 Still he owns his house and lot,
 Life's daily comforts share

He rises with the morning sun,
 Toils through the scorching heat of day,
 Finds always something to be done,
 That calls his busy time away.

In the eve, and cool of day
 When his daily toil is o'er,
 A leisure hour is passed away,
 Outside his cabin door.

The moon at sunset, appears in splendor,
 That brilliant, radiant, orb of light,
 And countless stars, soon cluster 'round her,
 The farmer's friend, his guide by night.

O'er hills and vales, o'er country green,
 His flocks of cattle graze and roam;
 At dusk, the hireling can be seen,
 Bringing the tinkling milch cows home.

Through the still and starry night,
 Wolves and coyotes cry and howl,
 And should a stranger come in sight
 The farm dogs bark and growl.

It is a glorious magnificent sight
 To view that brilliant Northern light,
 Beaming the Heavens, with rays so bright,
 Through the silent hours of night.

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As dawn begins nature wakes and stirs,
Through golden clouds the bright sun peeps,
Workmen repaired, again for toil,
Ruddy and fresh, their rest is sweet.

The air so pure, the grass so green,
The dewy landscape, picturesque, serene,
The bullfrogs croak, somewhere unseen,
In yonder pond or yonder stream.

On the hillocks sheep dogs barking
After stragglers from the fold;
The country folks to market going,
With their farm goods to be sold.

In meadow pastures cattle lowing,
And merry song birds, on the wing;
To school the happy children going,
They hear the distant school bell ring.

On blue-bells, daisy and buttercup,
The famous yellow, white and blue,
Glides the early humming bee
Gathering the fragrant honey dew.

Grasshoppers jump and skip the ground,
Buzzing the air, with clamorous sound;
Wasps and beetles, various butterflies
On flowers and prairie rose is found.

Fluttering in the bright sunbeam
Midgits hover, and in their flight
Take a rambling, circular motion
Throughout the day, till dusk of night.

Farm chickens, should an hawk appear,
 Will to the old hen cling,
 And in a moment will be clear
 Beneath her outspread, sheltering wing.

Sportsmen hunt the wild game,
 The partridge, chicken, and duck;
 In a thicket, bush or stream,
 Bring down a fawn, doe or buck.

Upon the bridge, or river bank,
 Anglers cast the hook and line,
 Waiting anxious, for a pull or bite,
 In golden hours of summer time.

Along a creek, or babbling brook
 School boys cast their net and snare
 Secures a fish, within the loop
 Before the darting shoal's aware.

Soon comes the season for the haying,
 Mowers hum, the farmer's busy time;
 Roaming the fields, are youngsters playing,
 Making the most, of the western clime.

Grain fields are laden, tall and waving
 Tinted o'er with a golden hue,
 The mustard weed and thistle shaking,
 Is common here, in this country new.

Through harvest time, crows and blackbirds
 O'er grain stacks take their flight,
 Flocking on a field of grain,
 On some corn stacks will alight.

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Farmers then plough, fallow their land
Ready for the next spring's seeding;
The gardener lays his hoe to rest,
After a summer's tedious weeding.

Again we take the flying car,
Through Portage, Brandon, wild stations far;
Rivers and mountains cannot bar,
For through the rockies runs the C. P. R.

Soon we reach the mountain foothills—
A striking contrast from rolling fields—
Where piercing winds and icy chills
Are guarded off by nature's shields.

There on a broad and ruddy plain,
In a spacious scenery valley;
Surrounded in by verdant hills
Calgary lies—the valley city.

'Long the horizon, far and clear
The mighty mountain range appear;
Vast mountain peaks snow caps bear,
Are far away, tho' seem so near.

Upon the hills around that town
Ranchers keep their hardy stock;
'Tis there "Alberta beef" is found,
Where the foreign markets flock.

They say down on the eastern plains,
Cattle will pine, pant with heaves,
Send them west away from rains,
Where meadows bloom with mountain breeze.

In the northern district poor Edmonton lies,
 A country young, under financial clouds,
 Wait! time will bless them with supplies;
 Likewise her sister in the south—MacLeod.

Of course we know the Calgarians
 Are mostly of the Saxon race;
 And where'er the sons of Britain dwell
 True loyal hearts can always trace.

Throughout Alberta wild animals run,
 Wild rabbits and badgers never rest;
 Chipmunks and squirrels frolic in the sun,
 The nibbling gophers are a pest.

While travelling through light mountain air,
 Deep vales and numerous snow peaks high,
 There comes the balmy sea coast fair,
 Rich fertile soil, pure azure sky.

Again we hear the billows roar,
 Liners and harbours see again;
 Where pretty cots and garden spots
 O'erlook the stormy main

Vancouver Isle, and Royal city
 Looks to the east and Yellow sea,
 Where wash wash, scrub scrub,
 In his dominions ought to be.

England we thank for our country free,
 Tho' her subjects oft find adversity.
 Swamped out by floods from the Yellow sea,
 Oh, how the people's collars shine.

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It's natural to get labour cheap,
But that which makes our country weep;
Where wealth is sown, the nations reap.
'Tis so we find in every clime.

Those foreigners on our western shore
Could quickly flood the whole world o'er,
To them a million is but a score,
So mighty thick and packed are they.

In every western sea port town
China's myriads there are found,
Working for rice, then homeward bound
Go their bits—their little pay.

The West still holds her Indian style
When gathering "green backs" comes the rub.
You've got to trade, or wait awhile,
Or barter debts for sustaining grub.

DEVOURED BY WOLVES.

How oft we hear grim stories told
Of parties travelling through the desert
In winter time, through snow and cold,
Travellers bold risk fate and hazard.
'Tis then the snarling wolves are bad,
Famished for food, roam, raving mad.

A caravan once left Irkutsh town,
To cross the wild Siberian plain,
All well supplied, and horses sound
Led seven sledges in the train;

Though never expecting a wolf attack,
Each carried arms, rifle and axe.

Three dreary days and frosty nights
They journeyed on their daring rife,
Not e'en a sound, or a thing in sight,
On the bleak, lone, desert wide,
Save sledge bells tinkling, sweet and low,
And horses' hoofs on the crystalline snow.

The fourth raw night came creeping on,
Thicket and copse now on either side,
The sky was clear, the moon bright shone,
The party slept, save watchers on the drive;
Though sledges rocked and horses leaped,
None could resist that drowsy sleep.

Footprints and sledges left their trail,
Fierce wolves now had caught their scent,
With keenly trace, shrill groan and howl,
Through that still night the echo went;
The snarling pack were hastening on,
And following up the party gone.

The drivers heard their pant and cry,
And, in the distance far and clear,
Saw through the darkness like a cloudy sky,
Bright eyes like stars approaching near;
Then like a mighty rushing wind,
Upon them swooped the prowling fiend.

The party woke and knew their fate,
And many a wolf did they slay,

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Brave horses galloped at lightning rate
Trying to keep the foe at bay.
Some stopped in haste, devoured the slain,
Then made a desperate charge again.

Soon the wolves packed all around
The helpless party, numbed with cold,
The band soon brought the horses down,
Their thirst for blood was keen and bold;
Travellers all scattered far and wide,
Wolves gathered round on every side.

Being outnumbered by their foe,
Strength soon failed—even at its best;
Therefore the weaker had to go,
The howling pack so closely pressed.
Soon the hungry wolves were fed,
Then to the woods again they fled.

Another party a few days after
Journeyed over that same main route,
'Twas they discovered the sad disaster
That brought the startling news about;
Sad was the scene they did behold,
Those scattered bones the tale soon told.

These are the facts we may be sure,
No one survived to state their lot,
Beside them lay—fifty or more—
Devoured wolves—slain on the spot,
The flesh all picked, everything clean,
Where life had been but bones were seen.

On that sharp, bleak, fatal night,
 The forest still and calm serene,
 The heavens lit up with Aurora light,
 One can picture that dreadful scene.
 On Siberia's desert, cold, lone, and wide,
 Sleeps many a lost traveller, side by side.

WON BY LOVE.

Beneath the flag, the Stars and Stripes,
 They love their freedom, home and rights,
 Be it a mine, a claim, or land,
 Right is right, and with it stand.

On the border of a growing state
 A little lot a cottage home will make;
 By chance it happened at this time
 Two parties claimed a lot as thine.

One a lass, though poor, was fair,
 The other a man with a frontier air;
 Both claimed their rights, neither would back,
 Each claimant built theirselves a shack.

For years both on that land did stay,
 Each wishing the other would go away;
 Both swore by all things under the sun
 They'd have their rights, and not be done.

So there they lived in bitter scorn,
 Revenge would have, was often sworn;
 A dog they say that barks won't bite,
 Tongue barking kept their tempers right.

Through natural ails the man took sick,
Confined to his bed for many a week;
No doctor came, no help, no friend,
On his lone exertions he had to depend.

At times and trials of dire distress
'Tis true, and that we must confess,
Relief oft comes by chance; some way unknown;
Surely God our Maker cares for his own.

One morn a stranger did appear,
With kindly smile and voice sweet to hear;
Behold, 'twas she, that rival of old,
Came to his aid through the bitter cold.

Throughout this callous universal race,
Many deeds heroic and heroines we trace;
Some do honour to their sex and name,
Though many cause the world to shame.

She heard about the sick man there,
And willingly came to help and care—
'Tis only when one's health is low
One can appreciate a kindness so.

Could it be true whom he despised,
Come to assist him now to rise;
Her gratitude, tho' faint a part,
Told the state of a loving heart.

With food and care he soon came 'round,
Restored to health again—and sound.
Tho' many are false, still some are not,
That ministering angel he ne'er forgot.

Through years for rights they both had fought
 For "live let live" some ne'er are taught;
 "Come," says the man, restored, "I'll yield,
 Why let's divide this standing field."

"All right," said she, "now as ye will,
 I'm willing to let thee keep it still,
 And should thee want a partner good,
 I'll assist ye true in thy livelihood."

I need not here all the details state,
 But ever since she's proved a mate;
 They often think 'twas a God-send
 As they live in peace—life's sequel end.

THE NEW WOMAN.

A ride in the morning, a ride at night,
 Makes the cheeks rosy, makes the heart light;
 Girls in gay bloomers their modest self-right,
 Retire from home duties and take to the bike.

Young men remain single or house work set to,
 Oh for great changes when women get new;
 When soon that time dawns for women to run,
 Men will be wishing the world's end to come.

With serpent-like waist and eagle wing sleeves,
 Now wearing low dresses, down to their knees;
 What would their ancestress, good grand-mother, say
 To see their fair daughters exposed in that way.

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With parachute hats, like a garden in spring,
With ribbons adorned and birds on the wing;
They say fashion changes now every decade,
Look out for the charming new sweet coming maid.

INFANCY.

Into this world a child is born,
Nursed and weaned through infancy;
Like a helpless ship in a perilous storm,
Feeble and frail—full of simplicity.

They long to see some pretty flower,
Or watch the songster in its bower,
With radiant smiles like dazzling rays,
Watching each move, the parents' ways.

Its silent eye speaks thoughts within,
By a sparkle, flash, flush, or dim;
Its puny hands long for to toil,
Its chubby feet to tread the soil.

And when it lieth down to sleep,
Guarding angels watch o'er and keep—
Though the night be dark and wild,
Nothing can harm that little child;
For he who calms the angry deep,
Protects his little lambs asleep.

A MOUNTAIN CAT.

On a bleak, cold winter's eve,
The mercury down to zero—
Now the weather we shall leave
To a mountain feline hero.

'Twas in a popular boarding house
Where little pussy used to stay;
As the place was swarmed with mice,
Her vigil kept rodents at bay.

This night, as usual at her post,
Found the kitchen rather cold,
And, more for comfort than a roast,
Disappeared, like a tale that is told.

She felt no doubt the occident clime,
As all mortal creatures generally do,
And thought she'd have a warmer time—
Her toes were cold and getting blue.

The kitchen stove was a monstrous
The latest modern cooking range.
There pussy made her bed upon
That stove, peculiar and strange.

For the poor kitten put
Her feet disregarding any danger;
As early dawn the door was shut,
Not perceiving there any stranger.

The cook had lit the breakfast stove,
In her scanty night robe attire,

For needless stay, did not approve,
As usual straightway did retire.

Meow! M-e-o-w! poor kitty cried,
'Twas pitiful to hear her wail,
But no one knew of kit inside
That infernal, stifling dungeon jail.

The cook and household heard the scream,
And were up in arms to scatter,
But as no "rouser" could be seen,
Great Caesar! shaw! to bed did patter.

When the house began to stir
The air was filled with aromatic savour,
"There's something roasting I do declare!"
Exclaimed the cook, "gracious! what a flavour."

Straightway to the oven she went,
Very inquisitive therein to know
What created such a scent
As through the atmosphere did flow.

When the massive door went down
There was no beef, but there instead
The missing cat, a victim bound,
Alas! alas! poor puss was dead.

A MOUNTAIN RAT.

The hermit left his little shack
As he thought in splendid order,
A rat soon found his missing track,
And scampered o'er the border.



He knew the occupant was gone,
But knew not where, or care—
And as the cold was coming on
For warmer quarters must prepare.

“My!” says he, “a house at rest,
I’ll board here for the winter;
There’s everything to build a nest,
And not a soul to hinder.”

So he set about to make
Himself a place of safety,
Quickly found a spot in haste—
Things suitable and tasty.

His nest composed of knives and forks,
Pens and bottles, threads and spoon,
Sticks and wool of various sorts,
Made a cosy sumptuous room.

There he formed a circular nest,
More for show than formal sleep,
For mountain rats need little rest,
They are the boys—terrors to reap.

They’re fond of flowers and garden herbs,
Will clear a greenhouse of every plant,
Their daring look and hardy nerves
Would bring a family soon to want.

Hear them how they tramp the floor,
Or scramble up the cellar stairs;
Enough to scare one to the door,
Or perch on tables or on chairs.

This rat as usual went his round;
 Not expecting a trap or snare,
 Behold! he was a prisoner bound,
 Of course he had no business there.

His coat was of a grey and snow,
 His round eyes bright and small,
 His fur now makes a relic show
 Upon the white washed wall.

He will no longer run that place
 When the good folks are away,
 Take warning, comrades of that race,
 Be careful where you lay.

A MOUNTAIN FOX.

It was a cold September morn,
 Just before the break of dawn
 A fox came out to play.
 Banff's hotel lights were all aglow,
 Poor reynard grew anxious to know,
 Why the lights were shining so,
 Unwisely approached that way.

"My!" says he, "there's something good,
 The latest style of dainty food,
 And not a soul about!"
 Nearer he came, step by step,
 Slyly and cunning on he crept,
 No look behind, right on he kept,
 No doubt he knew the route.

Everything to him looked clean and neat,
 Soon he caught the scent of meat
 Upon the government soil.
 "Why!" says he, "they're all asleep,
 Still as the waters on the Devil's deep,
 Now then for the daring leap,"
 And he longed to gain the spoil.

A bulls eye lantern we seldom see,
 They're mostly used in the old country,
 By policemen in the slums.
 Our sportsman went with skill of ease,
 Like a wary burglar, upon his knees,
 To reynard's eyes he fixed one of these,
 To mesmerise and faculties to stun.

During this plot reynard never dreamt
 A "Nimrod" on his fur was bent,
 To have a fatal shot.

During this scene a watchful eye
 Appeared in glee, exclaimed "oh my!
 Now we'll see the bristles fly."
 Bang! Bang! dead on the spot.

"Great Scott, he's killed! what shall I say?
 I'll get run in, or be made to pay
 For shooting royal game."

"Now inagistrate take no offence,
 To save attack and in common sense
 He shot the foe in self defence.

Shaw! anyone would do the same."

"Bravo! Bravo!" the help-mates cried,
 "Your pluck shall flourish far and wide.

Oh, for a hero's name.
 One of our gentlemen in town
 Had two tame foxes, gray and brown,
 Only one can now be found."
 The poor dead fox was tame."

A MOUNTAIN HOME.

Two strangers visited Canmore—
 Through circumstances they were poor,
 The hungry wolf howled at their door,
 And longed to enter in.
 Into the woods both made their way,
 Toiling hard throughout the day,
 Trying to keep the wolf away,
 And the vital spark within:

Soon the forest they did hew,
 That hid the light of heaven blue,
 And made a shelter from the dew
 And the western bitter wind.
 Logs soon formed a cosy shack,
 Work soon brought the dollar back,
 A friend oft times a poor man lack,
 And difficult to find.

In time a piece of land was clear,
 Beside a creek, and railroad near,
 At night coyotes could often hear,
 With their cunning whine.
 What e'er man's task, or dire distress,

Life's duty is to do the best—
 On God depend to do the rest,
 For on his creatures mercies shine.

It's grand to view bold "number one"
 As she glides by, and steams upon
 The greasy rails, and then she's gone,
 Arrived at Canmore station.
 Also to see bold "number two,"
 At dusk or midnight she pulls through,
 Her steamboat chime reminds us too
 Of eastern ports in maritime location.

Throughout this range of timber land,
 Mighty forests for ages stand,
 Some never to see a human hand,
 But shelter beasts of prey.
 They who cut the forest waste,
 To make a home, some dwelling place,
 Do credit to their country's race—
 Open the road for future way.

Millions of acres—land refuse,
 May be bought and brought to use,
 But they charge so, like the deuce,
 Poor class stand no show.
 Perhaps land agents think it best,
 Than sell land cheap to let it rest
 Until good times improve the west,
 Canada's "milk and honey" flow

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CANMORE, N.W.T.

When the C. P. R. cut through the town,
And made divisions in the mountains,
Cochrane started up his mine,
All boomed the "golden fountain."

The lively town it lacked a name,
And the "big guns" thought it o'er;
As nothing struck those men of fame,
They named it Can—"Canmore."

Prospectors say "gold will be found,"
May soon that good time be,
For who can tell what hidden wealth
Lies in "Wind," "Pigeon," and "Sisters Three."

The Hoodoes group upon the hill
Shew shrewd natures craft alone;
Worn by weather, aged until
They're curious monumental cones.

On a mountain's rugged crest,
Cunning Satan plants his bed;
Upon the hoary pillow rests
The famous "Devil's Head."

Oftimes a coaster breeze will blow—
From dust then there's no peace;
Then comes Manitoba's frost and snow
From o'er the prairie east.

Like pyramids in the Eastern land,
Huge snow peaks line array;

And 'round those craggy, snowy heights,
Thick clouds of mist will play.

At day-break peeps the glowing sun,
Rising up yon mountain grade;
Reflecting golden rays upon
The monstrous Mount Cascade.

The pines upon the mountain brink
At a distance look like brush;
Hardly would the tourist think
Those twigs were "forest bush."

In "White Man's Pass" is McNeill's mine,
Where grim colliers daily go;
And cars in motion all the time,
Bringing "black gems" from below.

Dotted round the mountain side
Stand the miners' cots;
Their dusky hovels side by side
Bring life to that dark spot.

Canmore is in the valley plain,
Misty clouds surround the buoyant air,
It's mountains here and mountains there
And foot-hills everywhere.

Locomotive drivers of the town
Keep quite a farm-yard stock;
Their cattle roam the village streets,
And cross the mountain tracks.

The railway track divides the town—
The creek doth in silence flow—

Along the mining district runs
The winding river Bow.

In the outskirts of the west
Lies Banff's resort, the landscape mark,
At Kananaskis and the Gap
The river falls, the mountain scenery starts.

CANMORE RUINS.

In the south ride of the town,
Just above the McNeill canyon,
A mine deserted can be found,
Beside a stately ruined mansion.

Once that house was decorated,
Things were flourishing in the mine.
Lo! things sometimes are badly mated,
So lives "poor nature" most the time.

Those who once descend that shaft,
Midst all the picking busy sound,
Saw the lights and working staff,
Engines and cables whirling 'round.

Now scattered 'round that ruined mine
Lies the working wreckage matter;
The winter's snow and summer clime
Has filled that pit complete with water.

The engine stands with outstretched arm,
Longing again to turn the wheel.
Among the rocks in rain and storm
Are rails and trucks, miles of cable steel.

There also stands the smithy fire,
Where the blacksmith used to be;
The sundry things he used to forge
Lie scattered round—one clearly sees.

Beside it stands a boiler brave,
Boldly upright like some ancient tower.
In days of old it assistance gave,
When fire and water had their power.

The bridge which used to cross the stream,
And let the trucks run o'er,
Has now demolished from the scene—
A total wreck upon the shore.

On a pleasant summer's morn,
Boulders and rocks line far and wide;
Was ever nature more forlorn?
A modern plant by a river's side

Climbing up the mountain side,
Again the ruins to explore;
'Tis true that house is grand inside,
But not a window, not a door.

As one wanders through the place,
So lonely, wierd, desolate and bare,
It seems as though the eye can trace
A pathetic feeling through the air.

Around the porch and massive wall
Stand the same old trees of yore;
Within light breezes rise and fall,
Glass and rubbish lie o'er the floor.

Changes in life the whole world o'er,
 So many find in our country west;
 Should Cochrane's mine start up no more,
 He leaves that home to nature's rest.

They who behold that mansion fair,
 Bring a scene before their mind—
 Shortly great fires paid a visit there
 And near demolished it out of time.

DEBT.

'Tis bad to sorrow, bad to fret,
 Far worse to borrow, then regret;
 Debt's a friend we can't depend,
 Bad for the borrower and those who lend.
 To refuse a loan can soon be mended,
 But to reclaim is often to rend
 Injury, or lose your bosom friend.

FOREST FIRES.

A spark flew from a camper's fire
 And lit the forest dry;
 Timber aglow like flaming spires
 Ascended heavenward to the sky,
 Trees all illumed by fires bright
 Would roar like thunder, spread at will,
 Appearing, through the dusk of night,
 Like a city lighted on a distant hill.

High up among those lofty pines,
Where forest age has not been told,
Stands many a stronghold mountain fort,
Where men are gems in quartz of old,
There many a dreary, lone, steep highway
Leads winding to some castle gate;
Where forest fires whirled 'round those walls
Are miles of timber now laid to waste.

For weeks it was a glorious sight
To those who did that scene behold,
Thick smoke and flames, crimson and white,
Whirled around the Canmore gold.
Trees were charred and black as coal,
Nothing around for miles was green,
Ashes and stumps were merely all
To tell where mighty fires had been.

On mountain heights the tourists climb
Until they reach its summit's edge,
Thirsty, fatigued, 'tis there he finds
A lofty, dreary, barren ledge.
Tho' up among those heights so steep,
Midst boulders, stones, and angle rocks,
The little mountain wild flowers peep
In sunny nooks and shady spots.

There right and left, for miles around,
Are crags and canyons, ravines in view,
On peaks as in vales insects abound,
And mosquitoes ramble—not a few.
Objects below appear like mites,
Buildings are but a grain of sand,

And like a brook the river looks,
 Flowing zigzag through the land.

In these remote, wild mountain parts,
 I may just here now relate,
 Where mineral reigns our cities start,
 And people flock with o'erwhelming rate.
 Throughout this western mountain range
 There's boundless wealth yet to unfold,
 Nor is it likely till future age
 Earth's secret treasures will be told.

Along the Kootenay district route
 Are thousands seeking the colored stone;
 There are fortunes hid without a doubt
 In the marrow of that great back-bone.
 Riches the millions will enchant,
 Who headlong rush to fields of gold;
 Tho' many gain, the thousands want,
 And fare worse off by a hundredfold.

BANFF, THE BEAUTIFUL.

Above the foaming surf and main,
 Away from storms, winds and rain,
 The mountain peaks appear again
 In magnificent golden splendour.
 Through the range runs the C. P. rail,
 Through mountain scenes, through sunny vale,
 But Banff's resort no one should fail
 To see—for beauty spots that nature render.

The Park within its limits take
 The Cascade river and the Devil's lake,
 The Spray, Sanitarium, and Hot Springs
 A government reservation.

All who've been there will agree
 It's the prettiest place from sea to sea,
 Gives credit to this new country
 And merit to our nation.

In the Government National Park
 The Banff Hotel is the central mark,
 Like myriad stars that brightly spark
 Electric jewels glow on the hill.

In summer months the waters roar,
 Casting their spray along the shore
 As the falls they journey o'er,
 Rushing on at will.

Three miles below the Banff hotel,
 The Hoodoes many a tale could tell—
 How their comrades decayed and fell,
 Camping the bitter winter out.

On their left lies steep Mount Twin,
 One of the tallest of their kin;
 On their right the Cascade, and the north
 Whirls round them and the Tunnel mount

Above the boat-house and steam launch
 Runs a Government high road branch;
 Beneath the hills and mountain bench
 Lie the Cave and Basin.

Oozing from dark depths below,
 Sulphur waters constant flow—

Through summer months and winter snow,
A phenomenal transformation.

A little up the mountain height
The natural springs appear in sight,
Coating the rocks sulphuric white
By sulphur beds or volcanic action.

Its temperature is of high degree,
Heated at all times by nature free,
Some say no baths can better be,
And are the chief attraction.

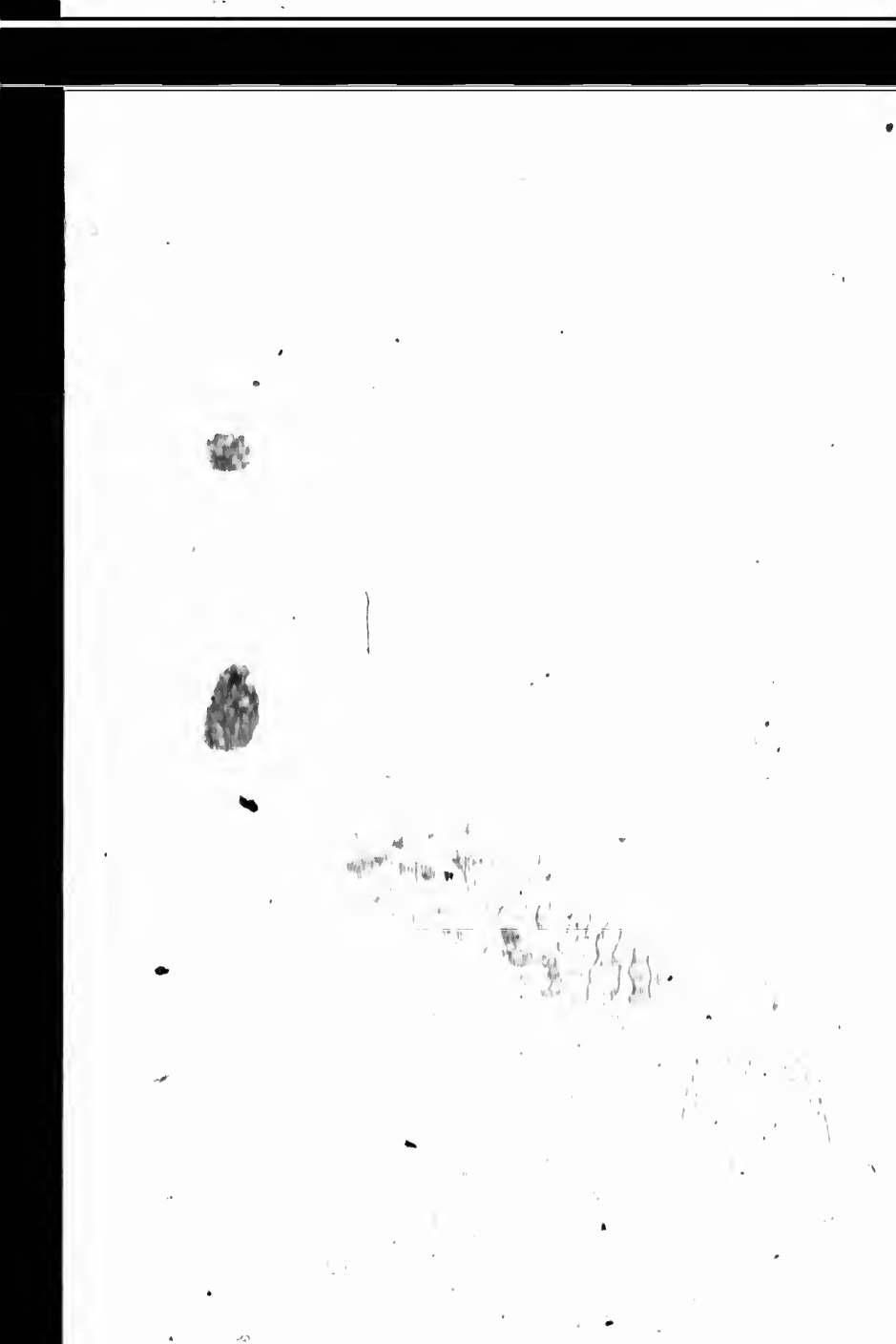
These sulphur springs are a pretty sight,
Clear running waters, green and white,
Gushing down the mountain height—
Original mountain sap.

Though the peaks are solid rock,
They can't withstand subterranean shock,
Nature can soon her gates unlock,
And mighty mountains tap.

From all central parts under the sun,
Aristocrat guests and patients come
For medical aid at the Sanitarium,
Opposite the spacious iron bridge.

Beneath it runs blue waters calm,
And buoyant breezes pure and balm,
Its waters fresh but never warm,
Pouring down the mountain ridge.

The breeze of Banff is healthy, strong,
Where consumptive microbes don't belong,
'Tis there the thousands ought to throng—
Vacate the coast and briny ocean.



Patients we know will not be told,
Nor have they got the courage bold
To penetrate these mountains cold.
Physic! physic! is their notion.

Squirrels climb the tall fir trees
With dexterity, great skill and ease,
Nibbling a fir cone as they please,
Chatting with a merry ring.
Summer months have pleasant days,
The "Natural Park" has pleasant ways,
Banff throughout has rainbow rays
That will for ever cling.

Banff's scenes, 'tis true, are beautiful,
But of all the places most miserably dull,
Not people enough to keep the churches full
On a Sabbath day.
The barracks hold a prominent site,
Well staffed to keep the people right,
Even poor brum they keep chained up tight,
Or soon he'd go astray.

By the railroad is a splendid station,
Where tourists pay their visitation,
Take in the sights and mountain observati
Passing on their way.
The Company has a marvellous track,
For accommodation nothing lack;
Ho! for a coast trip—there and back;
Mountain scenes alone well pay.

Their steamship line—coast steamers three,
Sail to the Orient and isles of the sea;

Between Australasia and B.C.
 Half the world they plough.
 O'er continent from shore to shore,
 Through plains and range they travel o'er,
 With speed as never seen before.
 What can't that Co. do now?

LONGEVITY.

A country walk will health restore,
 Bright hope and new joys will bring,
 'Tis those who lack that need the quack,
 And make their night bells ring.

All-round cures are plentiful,
 And of patent drugs there is no end;
 An ounce of pure air bottled up
 Would cure the race and drugs condemn.

Who'd ever thought a time would come,
 When deadly drams would the world entice;
 Instead of sunshine and a country run,
 Health drugs imbibe at eternal price.

THE TRAIN FIRE.

A tale once told they say is old—
 In heroism such is not the case;
 Again I do those lives unfold
 That ran the perilous race.

For weeks thick smoke from forest fires
Had filled the atmosphere around;
Head-lights were lit in broad day-light,
Making trips through Hinckley town.

The limited train had left Duluth,
With cars in number small;
That train in charge of engineer Root,
Was heading for St. Paul.

When approaching Hinckley station
Fleeing people hailed the train;
Their town was in a conflagration,
Their homes a mass of flame.
By time all refugees got aboard,
Cars were burning—so fierce the fire came.

On backing up along the road
Six miles, they reached Skunk lake;
There all got out to shelter find,
To save their lives at stake.

While hurricane flames burst through the cat
Trainmen held their post;
The engineer, though wounded bad,
At last began to roast.

His fireman dropped in the water tank,
Perhaps wishing he got there sooner,
He then played on the engineer,
Who'll never forget that cooler.

He filled the boiler full of water,
Wisely put on a moderate fire,

Then cut her loose from train and tender,
As the coals were all on fire.

The cars were burnt at such a rate,
Things melted up like lead;
To save their engine from that fate,
They ran her on ahead.

Both the conductor and the porter
Did their duty from the start;
Extinguishing fires, restoring order,
With hardy nerve and a hero's heart.

From Duluth assistance came,
A relief train with her crew;
Many will never forget that flame—
That experience they went through.

Citizens should well be proud
Of those who saved the train,
And should there come another cloud,
Would bravely do the same again.

THE TRAIN WRECK.

The Mont. Express, southward bound,
Was making up lost time;
A level crossing must be crossed,
As the Frisco, heading north,
Was about to cross their line.

She slackened speed, the crossing near,
The semaphore swung all clear,

Thinking all right, no longer feared,
Full steam ahead the quadrant steered.

At this exciting critical time
Tolled those confounded noisy clappers,
Instead of hearing that whistle chime,
They heard those brazen hammers.

A moment later the signals changed;
"Hold hard there! danger on the line!"
Too late, the cars were off the track,
Frisco had crossed the line.

Passengers in the smoking car
Kept up a game of whist,
Never expecting such a scare,
Or such a scene as this.

Glancing up near paralyzed,
They scrambled for the door;
Bang! Crash! across the ties
The engine lay, and loud she swore.

Beneath a wheel the engineer
Was pinned fast in the wreck;
His fireman seeing the danger near,
Leaped in time and saved his neck.

To their aid assistance came,
All the injured soon were clear;
Above the shock, fright, and blame,
No lives were lost, we hear.

ROBERT BURNS.

Poor Bobby Burns of Ayr Country,
The fairest gem of Scotland's pride;
How oft distress, dire want did see,
Tho' murmured not his troubles wide.

And as he trod behind the plough;
His train of thoughts widely ran;
His humor and that sweaty brow,
Told the nature of the man.

His principles were kind and true,
His heart of love was ne'er at rest;
Tho' oft beguiled by "barley brew,"
It plainly spoke of sore distress.

Like many a prophet of his day,
He had no treasures under heaven,
And not until breath ceased to play
Was he beloved—respect was given.

Tho' but a peasant and scholar poor,
His rural thoughts will e'er remain;
His aspiring hope and affection bore
A mark of human brotherly flame.

Most men of rank and high estate
Enjoy all comforts to be had;
But Scotland's bard fared hard fate,
Poorly roofed and poorly clad.

Oft poets resemble the wild flower,
They take the world's cold breezes in,

And in return heaven's beauty shower,
As long as life from God receiving.

Now ye sons of Scottish claim,
Honor the needy when ye can;
Don't despise a poorly clad bairn—
The pride and glory of your clan.

A BULL FIGHT.

Down on Texas' sunny plain
The spanish sport leaps out again.
Soldiers and populace, all sorts were there,
Merchants, governors, and the mayor.

The howling mob yelled "ha, ha, ha,"
The band struck up "ta-ra-ra."
Into the broad arena came
Banderillos, Picadors, and Matador, ready for
the game.

Look! here comes the bull—a spell,
"He's barbed! a charge!" they yell;
Maddened with shawls, and cruel deed,
He dashes at the prancing steed—
The horse is gored, Picado jumps down,
His staggering horse falls to the ground.

Bravo! bravo! people shout and sing,
Another horse comes in the ring,
Speared and sprangled he goes again,
Hurrah! another horse is slain.

Bull after bull comes into play,
 Charging tormentors in the fray;
 As bulls are slain and blood streams run,
 The people cheer, the mayor looks on.

Men, women, and children clap with joy,
 Four bulls and five horses were destroyed;
 The governor claims without a shame,
 A marked success was that Spanish game.

DIME NOVELS.

The press is full of deeds, cheap fiction,
 Crimes and bloodshed, dire excitement,
 Youths are snared by trash attraction,
 Ruined by some false enlightenment.

When hearts are young, minds strong and active,
 They yearn to learn, and long the world to roam.
 Burdened with knowledge and literature defective,
 They take their grip and journey far from home.

THE MATCH GIRL.

The poor child lived in a cold damp room
 Of a three-story house in a low, sordid alley,
 Where families are huddled in mire and gloom,
 Where fevers and sickness seldom do rally.

Around that slum court no sun rays do fall,
 For huge business blocks shade every way.

Nothing e'er seen save the night police call,
And glim of a flickering lamp-light at play.

Her father, a heaver, worked night or day,
When ships to be laden towed into dock;
Three days a week, and at that little pay,
Runs the dock labourer if he has luck.

His wife and poor children, through want and neglect,
Had to pull through as best they could;
The boys hustled papers, as one would expect,
The girl peddled matches for her livelihood.

Each night took her matches and rickety stand
To some busy corner, market or square;
There anxiously waiting for a humble demand,
Or a loose copper given, some gentry could spare.

Regular passers heard her faint cry every night,
In storm, rain or snow, there evenings would spend.
Pleading;—"Buy a light, sir; buy a light, sir;
To-night sir—four a pen, four a pen."

Sometimes she'd stroll to the charcoal fire
Dodging the police, that by chance she would meet
Where an old man roasted Erin's tatties warm,
Sold green peas hot, English chestnuts sweet.

There she'd watch the vast crowds go by,
Through mid-night hours, till the clock struck one;
As she thought of Home, came a sad bitter sigh,
Down those pale cheeks tear drops rolled on.

Now not a stir was on the street,
Save cabs and hansoms, busy hustling 'round,

All had their hire, some swell to meet
Returning home from clubs in town.

As she staggered along, that lonely night,
Her beating heart went up in prayer,
For she had not sold a single light,
And venture home, she would not dare.

No, No! she said—I will not go,
I'll roam the dreary streets instead;
And as she wandered through the snow
A soft voice whispered in her ear and said—

“Mary, my lamb, in Heaven you know,
A home prepared, there waits for thee,
Where Canaan lies, sweet Jordan flows,
A land of peace, wealth and fertility.”

Beneath the arch of a stately hall,
Weary and tired, she fell asleep;
Throughout that night the snow flakes fell,
Coating the streets many inches deep.

Still on she slept, her mind in wonder,
What glorious sights, what did they mean?
See! “There are Angels—Hark! there's music;”
The heart was glad, sweet was that dream.

She struck her matches, one by one,
Quite automatic, unperceiving what she'd done;
Each glittering gem glowed like the sun
On that bright world she gazed upon.

Gathered 'round that great tribunal throne,
Midst sounding trumpets, and chime bells ringing,

Cherubins beheld, and a sweeter tone
 Could not compare—Heaven's choir singing.

During the storm the fierce wind blew
 A mournful blast and a bitter chill, [through,
 Her thread-worn garments, pierced through and
 Soon left the sleeper cold and still.

Most family circles that stormy night [atmosphere
 Gathered 'round their hearth, in a warm
 Without their walls, and without their sight,
 Slept many an outcast in their humble sphere.

She knew no more of sorrow now,
 On earth those feet no more would roam;
 Anguish had left her troubled brow,
 She now was safe in her Father's home.

Through that fierce storm no parent came,
 Distressed, heart-broken, to find her child;
 God help the babe that lisps that name
 Upon the streets of a city wild.

Life's mysteries now had been revealed,
 Length, height and depth of infinite love,
 On wings of time forever sealed,
 To that bright throne in Heaven above.

Poor little ones, that know no harm,
 Who're trained to pilfer for the old,
 Are criminals bred, and culprits born,
 Worse off than slaves in bondage sold;

Born in a sty, that sees no sun,
 Where families whirl, and flock together,

Clothed in rags, life soaked in rum,
A garret of mire, worse than the gutter.

Many country places we can find
True, noble beasts, that feed on hay;
God gave them instinct to be kind;
Are not some mortals worse than they?

One half our race, life's journey through,
Are drifting reckless to the end;
Care not who swim—the ship-wreck crew
That brave the storms, and hardships spend.

Many a poor waif, of her same class,
Have no home, comfort or friend,
But roam our cities, through winter's blast,
Misery and want, their life—their end.

Many are they who's lot is woe,
Are happier when they cross life's sea,
Away from scorn, hard kicks and blows,
Sin, crime and drudge, dark misery.

Poor little ones, that's gone before,
Are gathered now, around the throne—
To that sweet rest, on that bright shore,
God calls His little wanderers home.

LOVE AND WAR.

They said that she was pretty,
Her eyes were navy blue,
Pearly teeth, white as the lily,
And cheeks a crimson hue,

Looked always neat, upon the street,
With her gallant lover—soldier true.

The youth was robed in bright array,
But never yet had been in war,
But lived in hopes to see that day
When he would hear the cannon's roar,
And as he paced the city street
Swung his cane, in high galore.

His cap was tilted on one side,
His shoulders broad and square,
That "Scarlet Coat," a soldier's pride,
Attracted and made the people stare,
And to the strangers they did meet,
Looked a smart, attractive pair.

Oh, those golden days of youth,
When hearts were bright and gay,
All future plans appeared to both
Like sun beams at the break of day—
Alas! dark clouds soon o'er them swept,
And hid that bright sustaining ray.

They spoke of parting scenes to come,
For soon he would be called away;
On foreign shores war had begun,
Reserves were wanted in the fray,
And as they pondered thoughts went deep—
Meditation took their words away.

One day she heard the fifers play,
Saw his regiment march past,
And as she watched he glanced that way;

Never will she forget that cast;
She saw him board the British fleet—
Anchors weighed, and steamed away.

They landed on that African shore,
Marched through swamps, scorched by day,
Their daily toils bravely bore,
Till fever came, called some away,
And in the skirmish, midst battle heat,
Brave soldiers fell; asleep they lay.

Indians are skilled with spear and bow,
Love to attack some hostile tribe;
Their arrows shower a deadly blow;
But what crude arms to modern time,
These days 'tis like a lightning sheet,
A flash, report, completes a line.

War we know brings many a woe,
Breaks many a heart for years to come;
Still some must go, keep back the foe;
Duty all times, be bravely done;
How many a widow's heart now weeps;
A mother wailing for her son.

The world is full of woe and fray,
War clouds darken every sky;
Humanity thirst, like beasts of prey,
Nations at each other fly,
Careless of the hearts that weep,
Millions of souls that untimely die.

Should Christian nations fly to arms
For some statesman's hasty lingo?



The press is full of false alarms,
 Cabinets and senates full of jingo;
 High winds disturb the peaceful deep,
 War clouds burst, the nations weep.

In darkened days revenge was sweet,
 Their future took no consideration;
 But enlightened days should use discreet
 Reason and tact: not senseless oration;
 Many a battle in hasty leap,
 May now be won by arbitration.

OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

In a royal cradle bed
 A babel! a Sultan lay;
 Soon his father's steps will tread,
 His kingdom rule—Moslem's scepter sway.
 He, like all former rulers, will
 Protect, build up Mahomet's wall,
 His creed and birthright will protect,
 Though race and nation rise or fall.

Rulers may wear their royal crown,
 Have harems, mosques, gay and fair;
 But sultans dread where they lie down;
 The very vitals that they share.
 Temples and palaces in the east
 Are costly, unique—man's heart desire;
 Tho' wealth abounds, dark crimes increase,
 Massacres revive, like hell on fire.

Never since those days of inquisition,
 In this world's history can we find
 A more atrocious, vile, mutilation—
 The eastern nineteenth crime;
 While those Armenians were at their work,
 Their wives at home, children at play,
 Upon them rushed the dastard Turk, [lay.
 Slain and butchered, in streets of blood they

That oppressed nation—Armenian race,
 Are true as ever men were found:
 By adhering to their faith and grace,
 The sword of Moslem slew them down.
 Can civil powers look on such scenes,
 And see their faithful brothers die?
 In love go forth, poor souls redeem;
 Pen cannot word their helpless cry.

Blessed is the man who earns his bread,
 With a peaceful home to rest his head;
 A stall is best by far instead,
 Than crowns with strife, crime and bloodshed;
 Uneasy lies the Porte, that's doomed
 Soon to crash, like a mighty wall;
 Soon like a reed she'll be consumed;
 "Justice must rule, tho' monarchs fall."

CHRISTMASTIDE.

Christmas! a day for celebration,
 A memorial day of our Saviour's birth,
 A day of praise, joy, adoration,
 Peace and love throughout the earth.

Many fond children, after Christmas fill,
 Complete their joys by getting ill;
 For mirth with luxury brings oil and pill,
 A postman's knock, the doctor's bill.

At Christmastide, at the fireside,
 Friends gather merrily 'round the social ring
 For who can tell next Christmastide
 What the present year will bring.

On looking back last Christmastide,
 We think of those, Christmas did share,
 Now o'er the earth are scattered wide,
 And some have left a vacant chair.

THE STAGE COACH.

In those good old days of yore
 Mail coach and horses ran the road,
 Five miles an hour, oft less or more,
 A dozen passengers for a load.

Mishaps those days were nothing new,
 A break-down, smash, or gallop;
 For days and weeks was overdue,
 Caused by a storm, or hold-up.

Each wayside cottage had their inn,
 A quaint, old-fashioned postal station,
 There guests and baggage filed within,
 Ready to leave for their destination.

"Say, landlord, where's that stage today?
 There's something wrong I fear;

A week ago she went away—
How long now must we stop here?"

"Now, gentlemen, I fear last night
That hailstorm overtook the coach,
She's not been heard or seen in sight,
Or do we know of her approach."

Hark! there's sounds of chariot wheels,
There shrills the bugle call;
Whack, whack—the hoofs reel
And stagger to their stall.

A double team was soon at hand,
The well-robed travellers on their way;
Jovial and happy that little band
Journeyed the highway night and day.

The old wheels rattled as the chariot went
Splashing, lurching, jogging to and fro;
Such nights the old folks gladly spent
Upon the wild—just fifty years ago.

POLAR REGIONS.

Why does the needle head the pole?

Why so strange an action?

Why heroic lives defy the cold,

Why so strange attraction?

Valiant men, from time to time,

With zealous hearts and courage bold,

Have faced the Arctic's icy clime,

And thrilling tales have told.

Six dreary months, perpetual night,
Deep silence, reigns the gloom;
The solar rays, that precious light,
Yields light—Heaven's greatest boon.

The heart goes out in tender love
To dormant heat and light in coal;
Warmth from the sun to creatures give
More comfort than Alaska's gold.

Explorers reach the Arctic sea,
Sail on their hopeful North 'pedition,
Travelling through that cold country,
With sleighs, dog, pack, provision.

On and on, they journey on,
Through that trackless, barren region,
Surprised to find themselves snowed up,
All provisions gone, and almost frozen.

Returning back in time some find
A relief expedition hailing in sight;
Had they but lingered on behind
They might have shared the usual plight.

A meal a day, some labor on,
While strength and hope is ebbing low;
When food all gone, they one by one
Fall asleep on the frozen snow.

Sir Franklin's crew, and others too,
Thought a passage North could find;
With hardships did that gallant crew
Face and endure that rigid clime.

In this Northwest and mountain border
One gets their share of frost and snow,
But in the Arctic, says the explorer,
Zero will reign—seventy below.

CITY LIFE.

The old folks worked their little farm,
Contented with their little means,
Their children caused them no alarms,
Or haunt them nightly in their dreams.

The daughters did housework and churn,
The boys would chore and milk the cows,
The youngsters went to school to learn,
The old man worked the farm and plow.

Everything went smooth and neat;
The motto read "God bless our home."
Their products sold, made both ends meet;
On all the smile of plenty shone.

As the boys grew up, merry, healthy, strong,
They longed the wide, wide world to roam.
To youth that nature does belong,
And soon forget their dear old home.

Their parents gave them each advice,
But generally boys when young are game;
No! sin could never them entice,
For bold uprightness was their aim.

The star of hope in many a boy
Is that a man upright shall be,

True to mankind, the foe destroy,
Upon life's course and stormy sea.

To youth the world seems bright and beautiful,
For then one half is never seen,
As different plants require soil suitable,
Experience makes conception keen.

These country boys now left their home,
That old familiar family side;
In a crowded city now left alone,
No parent there to watch and guide.

In this state some years were spent,
Like others soon refined were they;
Some how their salary easy went,
For city life has many a way.

They rarely now sent a letter home,
For letter writing no time could get;
When they did, 'twas send a loan—
Rare is the city youth, don't bet.

Every young life has got its age,
Winter, cold months, come by degrees;
Folly that's sown, whatever stage,
Will bring some day calamity.

O! comrade of life's downward path,
In time a warning kindly take,
The flower of youth opportunities hath,
'Tis now the best of them should make.

A character, good name, once gone,
Bright hopes are lost, despondent remain;

Ambition marred that brightly shone,
And is a trophy pard to gain.

That "Prodigal Old" is a common theme,
To every household seems to cling;
All through one's life such facts are seen,
Why then harp longer on that string?

Bold wayward youth, embrace the truth,
Refrain thy precious name from crime;
Are not our prisons but daily proof
Of life ill spent, and wasted time?

Remember thy dear mother's prayer,
For blessed, holy words are they;
Who nursed thee with a tender care,
Watched over thee through night and day.

Soon that dear mother will be gone,
One who loves thee, sincere and true;
Then her kind words you'll look upon
All your life, your journey through.

Nor will you find a better friend,
Though all this universe you should roam;
Heart's broke, dear boy, you cannot mend,
Bring back again, old folks at home.

Youth may change in a foreign part,
But a mother's love will ever cling;
Wanderer! don't break your mother's heart,
Trouble, grey hairs, and sorrow bring.

'Tis our great cities young men boom,
For many attractions there are wide,

Society life, theatre, saloon,
Encumbers them on every side.

Dances are popular, fashionable, people say,
Polished up magnificently for the young and gay;
Everything attractive, poor mortals to decay—
Straight is the road to glory, narrow is the way.

Cities have rocks, like the rugged shore,
Where storms and billows never slumber;
Land sharks, the pirates, with beacon's roar,
Ready to beach, wreck and plunder.

Many a youth well has started,
For love of him now many weep,
For every action good has parted;
A stranded wreck in the city deep.

God's holy name is on every tongue,
Both the evil and the good;
To one a jest and idle song,
The other strength and Heavenly food.

Life is but experiment training;
What ~~lot~~ 'tis not in vain,
For good or evil the knowledge gaining,
Leaving ~~not~~ blessing or a stain.

Now, wanderer bold; turn to thy fold,
Tho' it be a humble, poor thatch roof;
Many a wanderer, now they're old,
Repent the folly of their youth.

Oft in times of deep affliction,
Earthly joys once warm are cold,

By God's chastening and conviction,
 Long once more to reach the fold.

FEUDALISM.

Man's brain may work, scheme and plan,
 His stalwart strength subdue the land;
 But if no cash, his life's reward
 Will but enrich some "feudal lord."

Thank Heaven, we're in fair Canada free,
 Where heirs don't live on feudality;
 Like poor Mother Isle, across the sea,
 Doomed by birth to wealth, distress, or poverty.

AN INDIAN SETTLEMENT.

Their tents composed of sticks of wood,
 Constructed like a cone they stood,
 Coarse canvass 'round them spread,
 The camp-fire kindled on the ground,
 Meal time and night, all gathered 'round;
 The green grass formed their bed.

Outside their tepees dogs are tied,
 With pack and harness by their side,
 Ready for the trail
 Their horses graze the prairies wide;
 In sun-beams spread are skins and hide,
 To barter, or for sale.

In summer time, the weather hot,
 The fire's outside—o'erhangs the pot,
 With dainty soup there boiling.
 Their changeless dress is a blanket suit,
 Their skin a tint of a chimney soot,
 Adorned with feathers, paint and oiling.

When mounted on their young cayuse,
 They'll whoop and gallop like the deuce,
 Their natural recreation.

"Like white men, generally cute and brisky,
 When they get bad weed and whiskey,
 Morals lose and reconciliation."

Their pow wows and their pot-latch speebs
 Are sacred rights, dear to hearts and memories,
 When by-gone blood ran high
 They still believe the time will come,
 When they again will hunt and run,
 In that farewell, their last good-bye.

WEDDING BELLS.

It was their happy wedding day,
 Banns were read, weeks had passed,
 That expected hour, in wooing time,
 Was at hand, now at last.

In celestial style they walked the aisle,
 The knot was tied, and ring—
 Was placed upon the willing hand,
 Whatsoever its luck would bring.

Ding-dong, I will! Ding-dong, I will!
The wedding bells were pealing;
But 'tis not hours, but years that tell,
The heart's true love and feeling.

'Twas then they made that sacred vow,
" True unto death remain,"
Those bells, those chimes, are silent now
That tolled that sweet refrain.

Church spinsters dreamt of cherished homes,
And criticised the latest theme;
Never did the sun so brightly shine,
The world so full of mansions seem.

The old folks brought to memory what
Good times when they were wed,
And many blessed the happy day,
While others bent their heads.

The bride, she was the fairest blonde,
Her voice was sweet soprano,
Could waltz, take part in any ball,
Play classic on a grand piano.

The groom, rather pious, a sedate man,
At home would evenings spend,
For clubs and socials had no taste,
Peace and comfort was his friend.

A bachelor has his furnished room,
But when he's rose a spouse,
It's natural he can surely soon
Maintain and keep his little house.

"My dear," says she, one afternoon,
Ma called—your supper's late;
Ma said she'd like to come and stay;
Now, John! come John! for my sake."

"I thought," said he, "I wedded one,
Pray is there yet another?
Bless your dear life and sweet mama,
From this day and forever."

A mother-in-law may have the dough,
Know how to cook and bake,
Still proper place should keep and know,
Take hints for conscience sake.

Things went on as they usually do,
The bride clung to her mother;
How friendship grew, he never knew,
Or did he care to bother.

In sickness he was called away—
The bride soon found another.
Weddings are common, come what may—
Her son soon found a brother.

The junior was the family pet,
A mother's second love;
Some say it's only nature's pride,
Some say love from above.

Off' times in Johnny's little heart
There dwelt a little leaven,
He often thinks, when papa died,
He took ma's love to Heaven.

Marriage once brings Heavenly gain,
A wealth in health all should obtain;
But marriage twice is often vain,
And leaves behind a lasting stain.

Now, beware young man, mind your eye,
Be very careful what you buy,
Or you may regret the nuptial tie,
Sold! and sorry, bye and bye.

HEATHENDOM.

In the East End, London slum,
Where stys, vermin, and filth abound,
We find degraded human scum,
Worse than beasts that grub the ground.

In some polluted alley or court,
We find a race and brotherhood,
Where not a ray of Heavenly light
Shines in that dark city neighbourhood.

There's "Uncle-spouts," on every corner street,
O'er head displays the three brass balls;
Every few yards you're sure to meet
A Pub., Scotch rye, Old Tom, and billiard halls.

And when the day is sinking down,
The misty twi-light nearly gone,
Dim lights are lit, around the town—
What sights those gas jets beam upon.

City custom is, every Saturday eve,
When poor workmen get their due,
To treat each other, till forced to leave—
Found in the gutter, is nothing new.

Throughout the night, by the old lamp light,
Women throng round the brass rail door,
With cold nude feet they paddle the street,
For the husband dead drunk on the floor.

When the coming day begins to dawn,
Sleep night brawlers, or with delirium lying—
Poor little children, better not born,
In shirt and pants, for bread are crying

They have to beg from door to door,
Invisible to the policeman's eye;
God knows the poor will help the poor,
While aristocracy pass you by.

We often find that should by chance,
Some poor urchin find a coin,
A gent will stop, give him a glance,
"Hi there! my lad, that coin is mine."

"Tom, come here!" the father cries,
"Tell me what you've sponged today;
What! look here! don't tell me lies;
By Heaven! I'll teach you nay."

"Oh! father! father!" sobbed the boy,
"Spare me father! spare my life!"
The mother snatched away her boy,
He then flew at the wretched wife.

Old bottles flew, beer glasses dashed,
Crockery and oil lamp came in play;
Furniture smashed, windows crashed,
Policemen came and cleared the way.

That week the quarrel trial came off,
"Fourteen days, or five bob, cost."
The fine not paid, the money spent,
So down below the pair was sent.

Far better to roam, a harmless lamb,
Ship briskly o'er green meadows wild,
Than be raised up in a city slum,
Born to swing a gallow's child.

'Tis true our little world's a sphere,
One-half dark, the other clear;
So crime rolls on, young grows old,
Their journey here is never told.

In cities many a youth is lost,
They've choose the broad and spicy way,
And many a youth has paid the cost;
A drop! forgotten! have passed away.

CHRISTENDOM.

I truly yearn to be a Christian,
Year after year, some say,
Ponder and worry, trying to find,
Of course, their natural way.

Says the aristocratic, "I know the truth,
 But that don't include me;
 I've done no wrong for Christ to die,
 And suffer on the tree."

Others say, "I'll go to Heaven,
 If but there's something I can do,
 See visions, or miraculous powers,
 To prove and know the Bible's true."

The worldly man, who lives for gain,
 Says, "Wait till time draws nigh,
 I'm sure of earthly things below,
 I'll think of Heaven by and by."

The old man says, with trembling lips,
 "I'm sure God's word is truth;
 But who can save a wretch like me,
 Sin hardened from my youth?"

The mind is like a flowing stream,
 In a constant rippling motion;
 Never at peace, till Heaven we see,
 Boisterous and restless as the ocean.

'Tis nothing, friends, we can do or say,
 For redemption's work is done;
 "Believe on him; life's only stay,
 God's gift, his blessed son."

Time is hastening, God is chastening,
 To rise our thoughts sublime;
 When strength is failing the soul is wailing,
 For Heaven's bright home and clime.

"Trust in God and do his will,
Care not who you do offend;
Please the world and you will find
Many enemies, but not a friend."

They say this world is full of cranks,
We need them—but good steel;
It takes a crank without a flaw
To revolve a standing wheel.

Why are so many outside the fold?
Do all profess, not live aright?
Far better some not enter in,
Than bar and cloud, eternal light.

Day by day, hour by hour,
Old father time is hastening;
On mother earth our mental power
And physical strength is wasting.

Men, like leaves in the fall,
Must drop and perish, one by one,
While others from the old tree sprout,
And places take of those that's gone.

How many stray from Holy writ,
For 'tis natural to decline;
How many know they are not fit,
And yearn the truth to find.

God's name is stamped on every tongue,
Both the evil and the good;
On some it's jest or idle song,
On others praise and Heavenly food.

The Sabbath is a day of rest,
 Both for man and beast;
 All things in nature need a rest
 One day in seven, at least.

The Bible grants our Sunday law,
 We need no law from crown or state;
 By people's faith nations rise and fall,
 So God obey, for reverence sake.

What about our modern current,
 Where it leads to, who can tell?
 Have got conductors, drivers, servants,
 A precious, living soul as well?

Listen? now the clock strikes eleven,
 There tolls the old church bell;
 Listen! now the clock strikes seven,
 Again we shun the village bell.

When years creep on, three score and more,
 Beard and locks get gray and hoar;
 'Tis then we long for that bright shore;
 To be with God for evermore.

Men, like wheat, go through the mill,
 Crushed, refined, sift'd clean;
 When time and process is fulfilled,
 The different grades are seen.

All creeds have their different sects,
 For it's so ordained to be;
 God speed the day when hearts unite,
 In brotherly love, truth and harmony.

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Our Lord today is often sold,
For earthly pleasures, pomp and gold;
When trumpets sound, Heaven's bells are toll'd,
Some will rest outside the fold.

We often see, and often find,
Where a dogma creed does roll,
Poor, ignorant wretches of mankind,
Are craftily bled to save their souls.

Conscience was made for our use,
I care not what the creed;
Why should the Bible be refused,
Have all not right to read?

Doctrines, creeds and ceremony,
Are but mile stones in array,
And whether they be few or many,
Pilgrims will meet them on the way.

True life in Heaven begins on earth,
Secured by faith at second birth;
'Tis then we get sweet rest and bliss,
A name enrolled on the eternal list.

Kind reader of this little book,
It is the poet's earnest plea,
That some poor soul to Heaven will look,
And trust in Christ, who died for thee.

THE CANINE RACE.

The dog, a friend to humane man,
A sagacious creature, docile and understands,

Though mute in ways, a model teacher,
True, faithful kind, God's noble creature.

By a glance, look, or smile, whistle or name,
He'll twist his head for the same,
And when his master lays to rest,
Will sleep and watch beside his breast.

In times of danger, alarm, oppress,
Will cling to thee in sore distress,
By love, respect, their nature's kind,
A priceless treasure to mankind.

With instinct gifted to their race,
They guard, protect, lick hands and face;
Though weak mute love, their zeal is real,
A love sincere—no false appeal.

THE MINE DISASTER.

The sun may shine bright overhead,
The silver moon and stars may glim,
But to the miner all is dead,
Save his sole friend, the lamp-oil dim.

The collier left his humble cot
For that dark shaft, depths below;
Such is the miner's dreary spot,
Wrapped in gloom, monotonous blow.

As usual, he took great care
His lamp was clean and safe,
For well he knew fire-damp was there,
With death was face to face.

His comrades were all scattered 'round,
Some hundreds, when all told;
From narrow tunnels came a sound
Of boy's voices, young men and old.

Many had wives and children dear,
Some a mother's only son;
Some were good, in God did fear;
Others were heedless, and virtue shunned,

Workmen, for comfort, tobacco like,
Thoughtless at times, but wish no harm;
By stealth someone had lit his pipe;
The foul gas gave no alarm.

Within that dark and silent tomb,
The fatal loud report was heard;
Hundreds were shattered to their doom,
Without a warning, thought or word.

Thick rushing smoke, whirling to the sky,
Told the mournful, awful tale;
Village neighbours flocked, none could reply,
Sad, sad, the widow's bitter wail.

The wreckage brought the water to
Those who had survived the shock;
They had been spared, but many knew
Their joys were but a timely mock.

Deeper and deeper came the flood,
O'er ankle deep, then waist and breast;
And in life's dream only they stood,
Until they found their final rest.

Those charred remains, when brought above,
 Were grave and pitiful to behold;
 Friends 'round them stood, weeping their love
 For that heart now still and cold.

What caused this sad and terrible fate,
 That doomed so many lives that day?
 No one could tell, none could relate,
 Till something mysterious gave it away.

Any lights or matches were strictly forbidden,
 Owners knew where gas and danger lay;
 But on some garment a key was hidden,
 That told the mystery and foul play.

Miners take warning now in time,
 Our folly till late we never see;
 A moment's indulgence in a mine
 May bring the same sad catastrophe.

THE SEAMEN'S ORPHANAGE.

In most great cities there are grand institutions,
 Where many an orphan make their way;
 But for the needed public constitutions,
 Thousands of homeless soon would stray;
 Patrons and citizens may well be proud
 For the good that's done to humanity's cloud.

Through the mariner's love that rides the sea,
 These homes, institutions, have been erected;
 Afar from dear shore, in the hurricane breeze,
 Staunch ships are lost, bright homes effected.

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Who then can realize that father's great joy,
To think of that home for his poor orphan boy.

From the street, court and gutter,

Bright youths are protected in nick of time,
Properly cared for, clothed, fed and sheltered,
Schooled, morals taught, heart loving, sublime;
For patience with kindness nearish principles good,
They then face the world gladly for their livelihood.

How many a child's young heart is yearning

For some mother's love or a fatherly care,
Roaming at night, seeing sights, evil learning;
Under arches asleep, from the city lamp's glare,
And as they grow older honest work spurn,
Till too low to rise, too wise to learn.

Orphan boys bright with refreshing night's sleep,

Arise with the sun, hail the glad morn;
Their faces are jolly, dress clean and neat,
Reigning in comfort, free from all harm,
And many through life these blessings can trace,
With respect for their training, now reverence that
place.

And often in memory through distance see

Their comrades more, in all their array;
Could time recall changes, once more would be
A bright orphan boy in harmless play;
But if never more we grip their true hand,
May we all meet again in that far away land.

THE UNFORTUNATE

Happy thoughts of childhood; happy dreams of yore,
 Happy hours of sunshine by the college door;
 Life with all its pleasures, beautiful and free;
 A charming, sweet, poor lassie, with heart sincerity,
 Pure thoughts of home, life's comfort, true heart full
 of glee,

That never knew no trouble and world's cold misery;
 But time brought many changes, mother, now was
 gone,

A daughter's guide and guardian, to an erring one.

She was no more that sweet maid now,
 Her childish prattle and blush had gone;
 The youth she loved had made a vow,
 Her heart, pure love, and affection won;
 As bright hopes gleamed upon their future,
 Many country walks the moon then led;
 As wooing times are love's chief feature,
 They spoke of things when they were wed.

Like many a youth leading a wild career,
 His motives were base, for a selfish end,
 His love was cold, false, not sincere;
 A wife through life did never intend;
 Alas! we hear of cupid's game:
 Her loving bird somewhere had flown,
 And she was left in crime and shame,
 To live a life in a world unknown.

As she wandered through the city street,
 With her infant nourished at her breast,
 Her cheeks death pale, mind cold and deep,

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Revealed a heart and soul opprest;
She had been wronged by one she loved,
And in her bosom to God she cried,
"O! Father in Heaven, in Thee we move,
Stretch forth Thy arm, open portals wide."

With scoff and scorn she worked among
Her friends that once to her were kind;
But when one's wronged they don't belong
To friends, relations, or mankind;
Oh, heartless world! give them justice due,
For the poor, though faultless, cannot defend;
Steps unforeseen may yet befall you,
Who then have right to judge—condemn?

On earth's rough shore the billows roar,
Many frail barks drift on the sand;
But on that beach, the eternal shore,
Many are saved with outstretched hand;
Mother! where's your child, that spotless born,
Whose merry heart and bright eyes shone?
Lost! in this world of shame and scorn,
Heart-broke, and marred, by some cruel one.

Love is a blessing, the soul's bright ray
From God—to God it does belong;
But like our first parents are led astray,
Sin charms the heart of old and young;
Weak, earthly mortal, gay, frivolous creature,
With credulous mind, gleaming eyes for gold,
Look to thy God, and dear life's future,
Before you're left in the bitter cold.

For vows that are broken fair sisters now weep,
 Bright homes deserted, forlorn on the street;
 That love they once cherished has dwindle'd away,
 Doomed for destruction, seed-sown by the way;
 Deeds pure and holy will life comforts bring,
 For time and eternal sweet memory cling;
 By true love divine hearts forever are mated,
 Otherwise we must expect these sad words related.

A CHILD'S PROBLEM.

Father, I lisp my prayer to thee,
 Tho' weak my voice and strength may be,
 My faith is dull on things above,
 Except my all, a child's love;
 They took me from yon distant sphere,
 Without request transplant me here,
 To flower, bloom, and die.

Where fields are green, air pure and bright,
 Life has its crown, Heaven's birthright;
 But not so with the city young,
 Where fogs and damp effect their lungs;
 Instead of hailing life's natural breeze,
 Endure that death, asthmatic wheeze;
 Linger till they die.

This world they said was beautiful,
 Where life's necessities were plentiful;
 Tho' rough the bitter blast would blow,
 It would but make thee stronger grow;
 And if you're honest, kind and true,

Willing hands will soon find work to do;
Wished me well—good-bye.

What a cruel deception, the first, same night,
Half smothered and choked, dying with fright;
Says nurse, "How he kicks, the child, has pain."
On goes the flannels and poultice again;
Paregoric and gruel did mother apply,
Saying, "Baby, my lamb, surely won't die;"
Kissing my brow, tears in her eye.

While cooing to sleep on dear mother's lap,
In my ear gently whispered "Sweet little chap;
My pet, you're welcome to this land of rest."
Tucking me cosy in that little nest,
With foot on the rocker, the cradle in swing,
Her favourite lullaby did sweetly sing,
"In the sweet bye and bye."

And when I grew a bouncing boy,
They gave me playthings to destroy;
False picture books to see and learn,
To copy heroes, and fortune earn;
Till last I thought it all a dream,
As nothing real around was seen;
Save the earth and sky,

Then I threw those books away,
Allegory lies, found they didn't pay;
Then father says, "A good boy be,
But for a pattern, don't take me."
With perplexed mind, scratched my head,
Wished I had measles, or was dead;
Born I was—but why?

All pleasant things boys long to see,
 Were made for others, not for me;
 And when for others my heart did feel,
 They told me frankly life wasn't real; [broke;
 Saying, "When Heaven you left the chain was
 Polished love below is but a cloak.

My boy, what makes you cry?"

Said he, "This world has done me wrong,
 How can I hold Heaven's smile and song?
 Who can I trust, for none is true?
 Speed father time, let me get through."

"Not so my boy," his nature cried;

For my sole use you were supplied;

You can't take wings and fly."

"Reverence a creed, my child, there's many,"

Says papa, "But sorry to say I haven't any;

Still conscience approves of right and wrong,

A natural instinct to this race belongs;

But tread not my path, for fear of rue;

Take the narrow path of the chosen few;

For strength to God apply."

His muscles soon began to get tough,

His mind was crammed with fiction stuff;

Though but a shaver his confidence grew,

And longed to gain some work to do;

His capabilities none could deny,

But said his lip was rather dry;

And bade him elsewhere try.

The poor lad prayed to be a broom,

Or like his predecessor, a wise baboon;

Thinking if life ends as it began,
 May he never live to be a man;
 For man by birth may be a brother,
 But live to boodle one another;
 Deceive their very boy.

Children may come from realms above,
 Incarnated here by an infinite love;
 But imitate others, you're called a rebel,
 A natural born child of the devil;
 If ever some gain that lost perfection,
 Is hard to say, a delicate question;
 For man is far from God.

STAGE AND BEAUTY.

When some fair actress glides on the scene,
 Public opinion, esteem, applause enough;
 So it is with any novel scheme,
 So it was with Mary Duff.

Her loving nature, sweet, fair complexion,
 Lured the hearts of beggar and sage;
 For life when young has no deception,
 God of the foot-light, gem of the stage.

Large posters were posted, when she'd appear;
 Her dress and robe crowds came to see;
 That applause, encore, and general uproar,
 Spoke of her fame, popularity.

Admirers are many, we generally find,
 When sailing is smooth on public esteem; [kind,

How quick love is cherished in the hearts of man-
Like a sudden impulse, or imaginary dream.

She patronized town, city and state,
Of popular note, so her fame grew;
For sentiment sways with lightening rate,
The curious yearn for novelties new.

When hearts are young, life gay and nimble,
Youth's path is strewn with fame and bliss;
When features fade, health grows feeble,
The jeer is heard, the kick and hiss.

The flower of youth is like a mirage,
Some far off sight, a landscape fair,
Attractive at a distance, a natural stage,
But loom and fade in the desert air.

Stage ideal life is polished fiction,
A panorama farce to gratify imagination;
For joy that's real comes by affliction,
A heart subdued by humiliation.

Where's that fair face, once Heaven's token?
Deep lines and wrinkles therein now trace;
Homes should have been, are homes now broken;
But ones retired to an unknown place.

Talent, we grant, springs from mental strain;
Cultured gifts, ambition, should be our aim;
Some, honour and wealth, reward obtain;
But in life's fall, what is their gain?

This actress fair, idol of the stage,
Enjoyed her home and children fair;

Till husband died, she in old age,
Left penniless in this world of care.

From pride, her wants were never known,
She'd gone to settle in a far off town;
Not till the lapse of twenty years had flown,
Her resting place and tomb were found.

Greenway Church-yard was a public lot,
Generally known as the potter's field,
Where harlots, paupers, and those forgot,
Are laid to rest, respectably sealed.

It matters little where one is laid,
The cold sod covers fame and fault;
Earth can't reveal the life once played,
Be it a common or family fault.

The mountains have their lofty peaks,
But below them lie the plains and hollow;
Likewise society has its many sweets,
But leaves a bitter pill to swallow.

To those who're blessed let melody cling,
But let a song in prayer be given;
'Tis God who does our talents bring,
Praise ye His name in earth and Heaven.

THEOLOGY.

'Tis natural, boys, to have your fling,
Your fathers did enjoy the spring,
Long, long ago.

There comes a time in youth we find,
The Gospel pricks the heart and mind;
Stings us with its blow.

But when the precious truth we find,
We long to tell to all mankind,
The mystery of its birth.
To college then some are sent,
Where years in thought are dearly spent,
Away from sinful earth.

There they linger, pine and brood,
Longing to do their brethren good;
Guide them on the way.

At first the path is bright and clear,
And love for all is very dear;
Disregarding self and pay.

The truth is spoke in thought and word,
They who gather feel the sword,
As often done before.

Though the draught is good and sound,
Some don't prefer to drink it down,
Before they think it o'er.

People admire their pastor's station,
But come to hear his spice oration,
Pass an hour or two.

To please their flock some generally try,
For majority does the purse supply;
Facts would rob a few.

Saints don't think my words unkind,
The working class are'nt duped or blind;
Give it from the heart.

Preach God's word and let it rest,
 Time will put it to the test;
 Or like a man depart.

Life's too short to play on thought;
 Give it spontaneously, as we ought;
 Truth will never random.

The light of Heaven we can't refine,
 Why then mock the warm sunshine,
 By copy memorandum?

The apostles of old the Spirit led,
 With brain and muscle earned their bread;
 Enjoyed their health and climate.

They let the hungry souls be fed,
 With water pure from the fountain head,
 They didn't stir or lime it.

Where is that brain and heart once true,
 That health and strength to live and do?
 Work is recreation.

Study may please the carnal mind,
 But in other sources true peace we find;
 To do is God's salvation.

Think of those shepherds, poor fishermen,
 Preaching for love, working for bread, then
 Fresh to learn and study.

Was man e'er made to sit and brood,
 Complain of health, penury and food,
 The weather cold or muddy.

Go preach 'tis true, our Saviour bade,
 But never said make it a trade;
 Hireling for a day.

Preaching Christ is but man's duty,
 For love and work give life its beauty;
 Crowns eternal day.

Some sheep, the shepherd blindly leads them
 To foreign pastures, and what then—
 Find no feed.

They cannot let the sheep go empty,
 When artificial food is plenty;
 Infabricated weed.

How many are there in Canada fair,
 A few years back hadn't a cent to spare,
 But a brighter home beyond;
 Now they're wrapped in pride and wealth,
 Their Bible dusty on the shelf;
 That peace once had, now gone.

Friends, God, who brought life's changes here,
 Is every bit now just as near,
 As in days of old.

Let things in nature play their part,
 But let God alone; have your heart
 Safe inside the fold.

THE MOUNTAIN FLOOD.

Along the Rocky Mountain chain,
 Poured the never ceasing rain,
 Upon the winter snow.
 For weeks the globular rain drops fell,
 That made the rushing rivers swell,
 Their fertile banks o'erflow.

Down steep ravines swift torrents went,
And many a forest pine was sent
Down the mighty stream,
Until they struck some arch or ridge,
Carrying away the colossal bridge,
As tho' nothing there had been.

At Banff the bridge that crossed the spray
Was lifted bodily, rolled away
Dow the River, Bow.
That river rushing on at will
Could furnish many a lumber mill;
Others property bestow.

The river, making up lost time,
Delayed all trains along the line,
Over their usual hour.
Lucky were those who reached Banff's station,
There to share the tourist's ration,
Within that unique tower.

For bridges down, east and west,
Moguls had to take a rest;
Something new, "running light."
Though our mountain air is invigorating, hale,
Constitutional supplies made people pale;
Siege is worse than fight.

Like a South Sea isle, our sweet country
Was isolated, walled by a raging sea,
And watery diet.
Had Robinson Crusoe been there awhile,
He'd of died, upon our mountain isle;
Emigrants—you can't deny it.

What do you think of a plumber from Lake
Louise,

Stewing a bear to make edge cheese,

At Banff's station, Sunday eve?

This hero plumber was a Winnipeg man,

He gave him lead till he couldn't stand;

Soldered bruin till he couldn't breathe.

He states it weighed six hundred pounds;

Won the Belt in a dozen rounds;

His foe was tough and bristly.

Five men it took to hold him down;

His fur's now off to Winnipeg town.

He stood eight feet—a Grisly.

No doubt Bruin knew about the flood;

Was laying by a little food;

For streams were running over.

As Plumbers often "spirits kill,"

Quite natural thought his sport no ill—

Sport! keep clear from Bruin's brother.

As the Floods were raging here

Those Goblins did again appear

In the Bowling Alley.

While the Charcoal Pit gave out its spark

Those Imps were bowling in the dark,

Playing "Old Aunt Sally."

Wild Mountain Spirits have oft' been seen

By Mountaineers and Lumbermen;

Ther're Dwarfs, three feet in height.

To the Bowling Alley one night they came,

But some one fooled them in their game;

Switched on the Electric Light.

Next morn, they say, windows were down;
 Nine Pins and Balls were scattered 'round,
 Like Spaniards in Havana.
 These Pigmies live on roots; in caves camp
 'round

By Sulphur Springs are generally found.
 Where are they now?—Montana.

The boiling river at Antracite
 Left the bridge in an awful plight
 For getting over—

A charming bride in an hamlet, east,
 Had all prepared for a marriage feast;
 Awaiting for her lover:

But far was he on that mountain shore,
 At Banff, some say, he raged and swore;
 Ha! Poof boy! No wonder.

With aching heart he penned a scroll;
 The billows swell—the breakers roll—
 The bridge has gone asunder.

The neighbours said, as no message came,
 Some other lass has changed her name,
 Good sister, don't bother.

Then she wired, come home, come home,
 Before the wedding bells atone
 Another.

His answer came, the flood, the flood,
 Nature defies, steam, fire and blood
 I am thine for ever.

Now the mountain flood is ended;
 Many a fractured bridge is mended,
 Never more, we hope to sever.

Thank Heaven, the time has come at last
 To open up the Crow's Nest Pass;
 Away from Goblins, slides and flood.
 We'll pitch our tent were nuggets glow,
 Where valley soil will yield and grow;
 Climate more congenial to the blood,

Tho' the road will not improve the States,
 It will improve hard times and rates;
 The enterprising west.

Then we'll hear the mountains shout;
 Here's your good and shortest route;
 Go West, young man! go West.

What's the good of politics that makes a nation
 shiver;
 We have Rat Portage here, and many a Rainy
 River;

 But no C. P. line.
 Speculators! give our hills a show,
 We'll soon relieve your city woe;
 Make the big house shine.

In every corner of the earth
 Nature has shown her precious wealth;
 Boomed the millions there,
 To all who would our blessings share,
 Must work to brave the rigid air,
 Or for some other world prepare.

In honour to our Sovereign's reign
 Those patriots from Morley came
 Riding on their ponies.

POEMS BY H. TOLCHER.

Besides horse-racing, they hunt and sow;
There's little in nature but what they know;
Refine, discipline Stonics

To view them on lawn tennis green
Would cheer the heart of any queen,
President or king,
While national songs ring far and wide
Let's not forget our native tribe,
Who did their tribute bring.

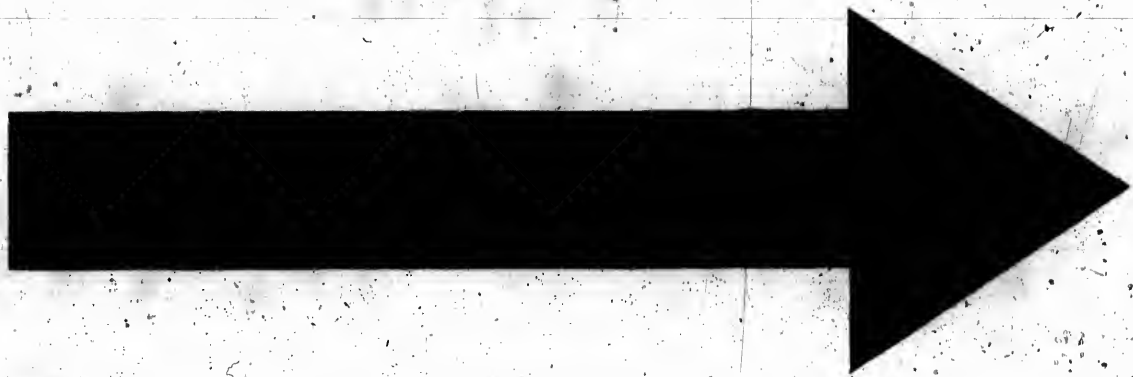
Owing to wrecks, our jubilee
Was foiled in sports—but reality
In loyalty is seen.
For ever may our Ensign sway,
And Canada's prayer, swell far away:
God save the Queen.

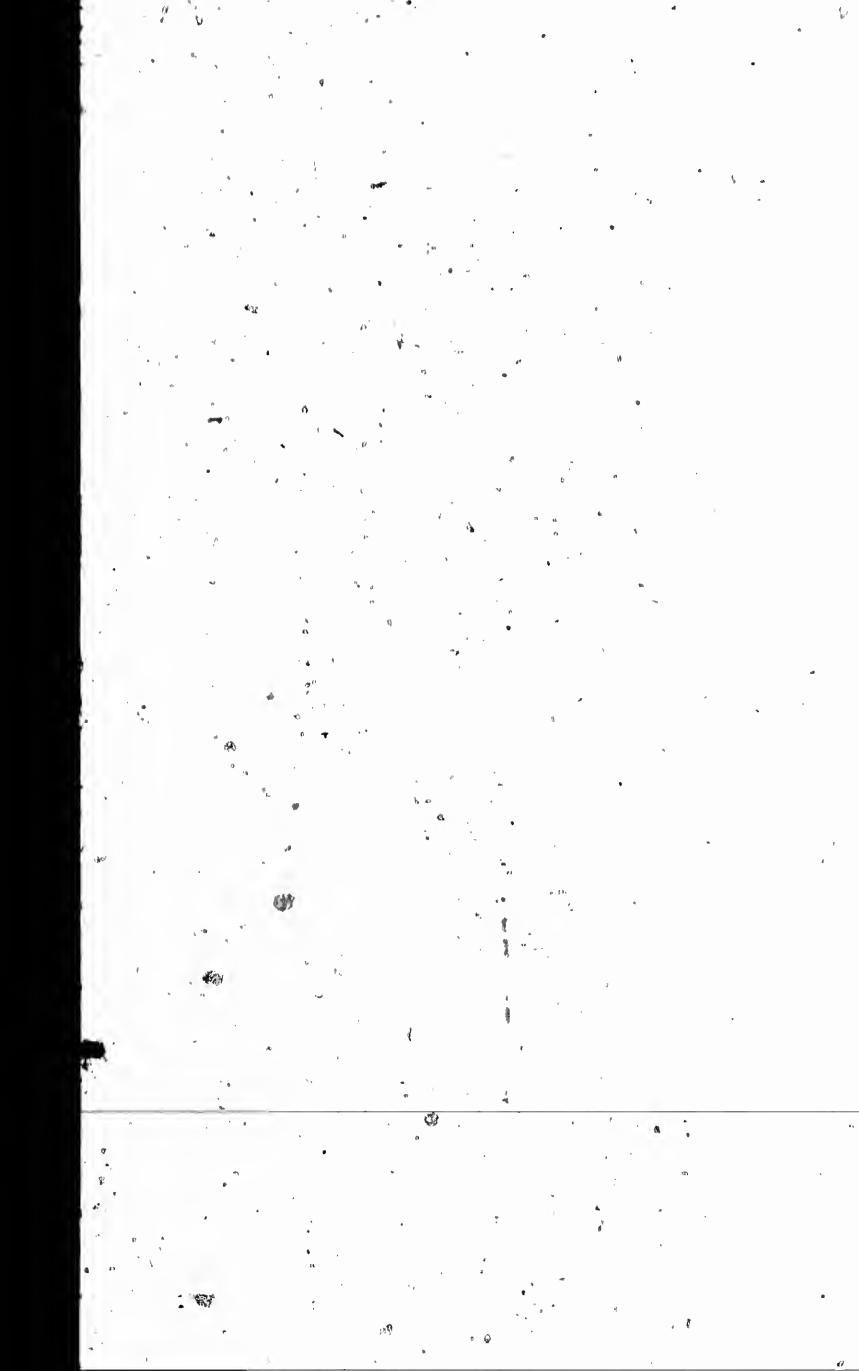
HARD LUCK.

Hail pleasant mute, a soul's return
And speed thy faithful pen;
From thee dark mysteries we learn
And destinies of men.

May thy kind smile for ever be
Thy sweet presence leave me never;
Tho' bound by law, the soul is free
Will by return, prove faithful ever.

Long before this world is seen
The soul has left its maker,
Tho' dormant to this life may seem
It is this world's partaker.





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Why should truth be marked by fame?
 Is it not stranger than fiction?
 Unrobe it, call it by its name;
 Let it be a curse, or benediction.

Whether souls exist'd 'fore Adam's race
 Calls no proof, no date record;
 And to predict our orbit's age
 Short mental time can ill afford.

True life is sprung from deeds we do;
 Life is what we make it;
 Luck be hang! the dice brings rue
 Whatever way you shake it.

Three thousand miles from home, and broke,
 Out on the rolling prairie wide
 Looking for work, can't get a stroke,
 Old folks well off, the other side.

Knocking gently at a farmer's door,
 The inmate listens to his plea—
 A little farming, and very little chore
 Soon takes the polish off degree.

Note book empty, full of old credentials
 coloured with the aristocrat hue;
 Manners refine, speech and dress ornamental—
 But says the farmer—what can you do?

Milk a cow, feed a pig, hitch a horse, or plough;
 While at home, did your mother call thee
 Pat?

Never mind my son you'll soon know how—
 On murpheys and pork got rolling fat.

Sleeping at night in that humble shack
Beneath a leaky roof, among the rafters;
Dreaming of home, and the inquisition rack
Shouting in pain, for porous plasters.

God made mankind, this world to share;
Who could have made it better?
Sin crept in, and changed affairs
Love's chain is now a fetter.

Capital! in place is well,
To some it must belong;
Darn the money! fare thee well
It's justice, that is wrong.

Dress of man, is but artificial,
Tho' taste is shown in that degree;
Even his features superficial;
Form is seen, but man where's he?

For beneath that optic nerve
In that heaven mysterious region,
Lies a being on observe
Heart, soul, mind and reason.

Many honest men start out in life,
Should not that be the fate of all?—
By hardships, sickness, death or wife,
Sometimes slip, or sadly fall.

Friends tell him in the rocky west,
There's lots of work and tin;
But never mention three weeks rest
When a Corporal runs him in.

Brother! my heart bleeds for thee;
My words I cannot pen too strong,
If this is justice, England's free country,
God help the subjects who do belong.



